



Just Call Me Ang(el) of the Morning by everybreatheverymove

Category: Stranger Things, 2016

Genre: Mystery, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Eleven/Jane H., Mike W.

Pairings: Mike W./Eleven/Jane H.

Status: Completed

Published: 2018-09-06 11:16:36

Updated: 2018-09-06 11:16:36

Packaged: 2019-12-12 22:41:35

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,273

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: (Standalone, AU oneshot.) With a storm heading his way, college kid Mike Wheeler plans on having a quiet weekend. But his plans are thwarted when, by chance, he finds a strange girl out on his balcony; sporting only an 'I Heart Indianapolis' t-shirt and a set of wings. Offering her a towel and taking her in was one thing - but then she started talking about angels and soulmates...

Just Call Me Ang(el) of the Morning

"How did you even get here?"

He's never heard of anybody just randomly, magically appearing on somebody's balcony - not if they live on the fourth floor of an apartment complex, and especially not if they're only dressed in a t-shirt, soaked from the heavy downpour outside.

It's strange, maybe weirder than anything else Mike has ever seen or heard or read about. And, truth be told, he isn't sure what would of happened to her if hadn't decided to pull his curtains back at that very moment - estimating how long his pizza would take to arrive due to the oncoming storm. The weatherman on the lunchtime news report had advised everyone to stay indoors and keep warm, so Mike has no possible understanding as to why this girl was outside, in the rain, curled up in a ball halfway up a building, barely clothed and shivering from the chilly November air.

So now, here she's stood. Inside, in a damp 'I heart Indianapolis' t-shirt that's two sizes too big, with a warm towel thrown over her shoulders because, while he's confused and amazed and bewildered all at once, he's also not a complete mouthbreather.

(His mother always taught him to be hospitable to guests. This totally counts.)

"You let me in," the young woman frowns, brows neatly, softly furrowing in confusion, "from the balcony."

"No, no, I know that." Mike says, and he shakes his head with a resigned sigh, lips pursing, "I meant, how did you get there?" He swallows, and he's not ignorant to the way she watches him, staring at his throat with wide eyes and a tilted head as his Adam's apple bobs. "Did you... did you climb up or something?"

She only blinks, twice, and her shoulders rise and fall as she shrugs. She takes a tentative step closer to Mike, curiosity clear on her face as she approaches him, slow and steady and almost in a dawdle. Her top is sticking to the tops of her legs, just above her knees, and the

towel around her shoulders hangs down her frame carelessly, like it's just been flung over her for the sake of it, like she didn't want it but accepted it anyway. He would have offered her his sweater - or, well, maybe *not* the one he's wearing - but he's kind of hoping she won't be here for too long.

"I don't know." She says, melodiously calm and sweet, voice laced with honey the same as her eyes. She's still wide-eyed as she stops right in front of the young man, hands behind her back as she gawks up at him, unassuming. "I don't know what happened."

At that, Mike offers the slightest raise of his left brow, and he gazes down at her - standing about a foot shorter than him - with some semblance of uncertainty, "And I don't understand."

(He has half a mind to call the cops and let them deal with her. The other half of his brain is just screaming *Mike! Girl! Pretty!*, and he kind of hates himself for having been a total wastoid around girls for most of his life.)

The brunette nods, and her hands move from behind her back to clasp in front of her, fingers threading. Her eyes seem to darken, now a soberer, melancholic shade of brown compared to moments ago and she says, "I feel like I know you."

"You do?" Mike asks, and he regrets his question immediately.

She rests her hand on his shoulders, stretching up on her tiptoes and pulling on his frame until he's leaning down and she's just about tall enough to stare into his eyes directly. "You have kind eyes."

Unable to stop the blush that rises to his cheeks, Mike simply ducks his head, and he can pretend for all of maybe five seconds that this strange girl he found on his balcony isn't the prettiest person he's ever seen.

"They told me you'd be kind."

"What?" His head snaps up then, and suddenly Mike is peeling her hands from his shoulders, temporary daze broken. To her credit, she doesn't seem to mind. Her arms drop, and she sways back and forth

on her feet, bare and sticky from the dirty balcony with her toes wiggling. Mike rasps out a, "Who told you?", and he stares her down as though he's trying to force a confession out of her.

"The people." The girl looks up, eyes focusing on the white paint of his ceiling. She smiles absentmindedly as her gaze lowers back to his face, settling on his mouth, and she whispers, "When they sent me to you."

"People sent you?" It's not that he doesn't believe her, it's just that the circumstances of her arrival, of her appearance aren't very clear, and she isn't exactly doing much to explain herself.

(Does he need to call someone? Is she planning on murdering him? Is his pizza ever going to arrive? Maybe she's not even real.)

And, though he's far from being the greatest of samaritans, he's pretty sure he's never done anything to merit having a bounty hunter on his case. Either that, or she's just plain mad. And if he's being honest with himself, it's probably the latter. "People sent you to me." He states, "You're gonna have to explain this to me a little bit more because I don't know what to do here." He tells, earnest and with a shaky timber to his voice.

She nods but she doesn't reply, and then she dampens her lips with perhaps the slowest flick of a tongue he's ever seen and Mike is flushed.

"I thought you said you didn't know how you got here." He tries, distracting himself, arguing. The space between his eyebrows creases as he contemplates the young woman in front of him.

She's petite, thin, and, while his biceps aren't huge and his upper body strength leaves much to be desired, he's almost certain that he could pick her up with an ease, a smoothness. She just stands before him, all barefoot and tan legs, button nose and chocolate brown curls. She looks at him as though she's a lost puppy he's just brought in from off of the street, all curious and thankful and polite. She's almost ethereal in the way she sways on the balls of her feet, face expressionless save for a small smile.

After a moment, she finally speaks, and it's with a step closer to him - in his face, invading his space and stealing his oxygen - that she says, "I don't know that. I just know *why* I'm here."

"And why are you here?" He doesn't mean for it to come out so blunt, to sound so sharp, but he can't help it. She's strange, and pretty, she's filling him with nerves, second by second, breath by breath. She's riddling him with anxiety and making him blush with just a look. "What do you want with me?"

"Don't you know?" She voices, "I'm your angel, Mike."

(He can't have heard that right, surely. And how did she-)

Mike blinks, and he's stunned into disbelief, voice higher as he squeaks, "You're my *what*?"

(She's definitely crazy, and he's totally losing his mind.)